



On Christmas eve,
In story land,
The children all are gay,
They jump from out the picture books
And trip it merrily,
'Rily,
And trip it merrily.

Brave Jack and Jill
And Puss in Boots
Go foot it down the middle
Cinderella finds her shoe
Bo-Peep chases with bad Boy-Blue
And Santy plays the fiddle
Sing hey! the merry fiddle!

CUT HERE

Straight up to the edge of the deep pool in which Calph lay, with only an island of black back and his two bulging nostrils showing above the surface of the water, hopped Pwit-Pwit.

"Calph," said the sparrow, "Mr. Riley, who is only a poor sort of a monkey at best, says the first monkey and the first man were made out of the same lump of clay on the bank of the Nile. Is this the truth?"

Slowly Calph raised his head out of the water, opening his enormous mouth and closing it several times, and at length saying in a terrible voice that rang all through the jungle:

"Hearken unto me, all ye Jungle People. As to the first monkey, it was in this wise: When the first man had been made his shadow fell upon some very poor clay that had been thrown away. And it came to pass that when the first man walked, and his shadow walked after him, the poor clay upon which the shadow rested rose and ran shrieking into the forest. And lo! it was a monkey. Behold, I have spoken."

When Calph had sunk beneath the water again Pwit-Pwit listened eagerly for the comments of the Jungle People. First, Tom, the old Indian Elephant spoke:

"It is true. I heard it from my father in the Big Jungle, who heard it from his father. The

Monkey People are but as chips that fall from the hewn log."

"Behold, Calph's words are the words of wisdom," said Sultan, the old Lion, with his deepest roar. "I, who was born in the shadow of the great pyramids, had it from my father, who had it from the father of Calph when he went down to the River Nile to drink. Lo! the Monkey People are as the chaff when the wheat is winnowed."

"I am not of that country," said the old Dromedary from the plains of Arabia, "but my cousins, the camels, known to all the world as the ships of the desert brought the news to my people. By the fat in my hump I swear that Calph speaks the truth."

"My grandmother had it from an aged crocodile who crawled up on the bank of the Nile to sun himself just as she was laying in the hot sand the egg which hatched out my mother," screamed the old cock Ostrich. "The Monkey People are of no more consequence than straws blown by the wind."

And no voice in the Central Park Jungle was silent. Those of the Jungle People who had no testimony to add to that of Calph roared and screeched and howled their approval of it. Dozel, the beautiful young Indian Deer, bleated her contentment, and licked the hand of the Little Limping Boy.

But the Monkey People did not remain long abashed and silent. Presently Pwit-Pwit heard them singing, and this was their song:

SONG OF THE AMBITIOUS MONKEYS.

Hearken, all ye Jungle People, to our words:
When ye think we do but chatter.
And our noisy clatter, clatter
Makes you wonder what's the matter,
Then remember we're related to the birds.
Oh, it's joyful to be swinging in the breeze!
Where the Cockatoo is winging,
Where the Mocking Bird is singing,
With their brother Monkeys swinging
Through the bending, leafy branches of the trees!

Hearken, all ye Jungle People, once again:
When ye see us stand erect,
And our visitors inspect,
While their favors we reject—
Just remember we're related to the men.
Oh, behold us, and dispute us if you can!
Only look upon our faces,
On our more than human graces,
And observe the many traces
Of our kinship with our noble brother, Man!

THE CENTRAL PARK JUNGLE BOOK

